

spread over the scenes inhabited or visited by men. We pass without any awakened consciousness by the bridge, or the wood, or the house, where there is something to excite the most painful or frightful ideas in another man if he were to go that way, or it may be in the companion who walks along with us. How much there is in a thousand spots of the earth, that is invisible and silent to all but the conscious individual!

I hear a voice you cannot hear;
I see a hand you cannot see.*

LETTER II,

WE may regard our past life as a continued though irregular course of education, through an order, or rather disorder, of means, consisting of instruction, companionship, reading, and the diversified influences of the world. The young mind, in the mere natural impulse of its activity, and innocently unthinking of any process it was about to undergo, came forward to meet the operation of some or all of these plastic circumstances. It would be worth while to examine in what manner and measure they have respectively had their influence on us.

Few persons can look back to the early period when they were most directly the subjects of instruction, without a regret for themselves, (which may be extended to the human race,) that the result of instruction, excepting that which leads to evil, bears so small a proportion to its compass and repetition. Yet *some* good consequence must follow the diligent inculcation of truth and precept on the youthful mind; and our consciousness of possessing certain advantages derived from it will be a partial consolation, in the review which will comprise so many proofs of its comparative inefficacy. You can recollect, perhaps, the instructions to which you feel yourself permanently the most indebted, and some of those which produced the greatest effect at the

* I hear a voice you
cannot hear, Which says
I must not stay ; I see a
hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.
THOMAS TICKEIX.—" Colin